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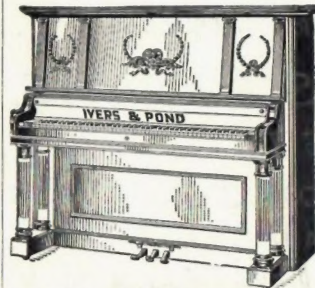
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—ACADEMIC ANNUAL—

—PUBLISHED BY—

...THE SENIOR CLASS...

—OF—

MEXICO HIGH SCHOOL.

..1901..

TO
ARTHUR H. NORTON,

Principal of México
Academy,

..This Annual..

is respectfully dedicated.



EDITORIAL STAFF:

F. E. ALEXANDER, C. W. DAVIS, GRACE C. MARKHAM.
F. E. GEORGE - Business Manager.

GREETING.

FOR some time we have had our ears to the ground and our eyes scanning the horizon; the evidence, at first no bigger than a man's hand, now covers the whole heavens, and it is with wonder and awe that we look back over the past four years of our academic life and recall the achievements of this Class of 1901—this, the first class of the nineteenth century to be graduated from Mexico Academy.

We have tried to do our duty as good men and women ought to; we have high aspirations, and are confident that our training will stand us in good stead.

To you, dear reader, we, the Class of 1901, give greeting. With this issue of our High School Annual we place before you a pot that has been boiling and bubbling for some time. Into it have been cast scraps of wit, wisdom, sense, nonsense and otherwise, and by constant stirring and much seasoning we are at last enabled to set forth a dish that we hope will prove delectable to all.

We haven't written this book to make you wiser, for wisdom seldom dwells in young heads. And now, as we present this volume to you, we do not ask you to criticise us; if you find anything to praise, send us a marked copy of your opinions, but we do not invite your censure. We are satisfied; and you ought to be, if you have escaped our pen.

We have spared neither time, money or effort to make this "annual" a worthy record of our academic life—four years, in which have been condensed so much toil, so much pleasure, so much careless fun, so many disappointments, and yet in the end attended with moderate success.

We look back upon our school life with feelings of tenderest regard and sincerest pleasure, and our dear Alma Mater is held in deepest affection by all of us. We bid adieu to her classic walls, and as alumni each one of us our way in the world takes.

CLASS OF 1901.

Class Colors: Pink and Green.

Class Flower: Rose.

Class Motto: "Geduld überwindet alles."

Class Yell: *Rah! Rah! Rah! Just for Fun! Class of Nineteen One, Mexico High School, Zip! Rah! Bum!*

NAME.	AGE.	CREED	PROFESSION	DISPOSITION	COMMENCEMENT SUBJECT.
FRED ERNEST ALEXANDER	18	Catholic	Star Gazer	Fickle	"Kingdom of the Ptolemies "
MAEBELLE HETTIE BROWNELL	16	Adventist	Miller	Sweet	"The World's Great Composers."
HATTIE MARION PORTER . . .	16	Methodist	Improving groves	Stubborn	"Martin Luther."
FRANK LEE BAKER	16	Quaker	Heart Breaker	Conceited	"Booker T. Washington,"
HARRY VARY BONNER	19	Chr. Scientist	Orator	Deceitful	"Gladstone as a Statesman."
RICHARD JERRET SPENCER . .	21	Baptist	Sailor	Angelic	"Galileo."
EDITH MAE AUSTIN	18	Methodist	Cakewalker	Meek	"Great Authors of Cambridge."
EVA MARGUERITE SHARRA	19	Episcopal	Farmer	Independent	"Dialect Writers of the Day."
WESLEY HARRISON MOORE	20	Presbyterian	Auctioneer	Crafty	"Athens under Pericles."
FRANK EMILE GEORGE	16	Mormon	Business Manager	Diligent	"The Spanish Armada."
ARTHUR JOHN BOOTHE	19	Mohammed'n	Card Shark	Patriotic	"Geometry."
CURTIS WALES SMITH	19	Baptist	Pool Player	Bigoted	"Cooper, as a Man and Author."
GRACE CERES MARKHAM . . .	19	Spiritualist	Dancing Teacher	Jolly	" <i>Dux femina erat.</i> "
CORTLAND WOODBURY DAVIS	17	Universalist	Gambler	Pious	"Benjamin Franklin."
JAMES HARRY BAKER	19	Confucionist	Cigarmaker	Passionate	"Relation of Chemistry to Photography."
MABEL LOZANY COBB	18	Buddhist	Vocalist	Affectionate	"Nature's Music."
MARY RUTH HUBBARD	19	Episcopalian	Poet	Just lovely	"Caves, and what they Tell us."
HATTIE VIRGIL TYLER	18	Unitarian	Milliner	Studious	"Richard I. in History and Romance."



BOOTHE
PORTER

SMITH
MOORE

TYLER
AUSTIN
MARKHAM

DAVIS
ALEXANDER
BONNER

BAKER F.
BROWNELL

COBB
SHARRA

SPENCER
BAKER, H.

GEORGE
HUBBARD

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Friends, Faculty and members of the Board of Education:

AS we look into your faces this evening we feel new zeal, fresh impulse and higher ambitions. We meet here to-night with common interests. You can recall with us the many days of hard labor you have spent in the old Academy; you can recall those pleasant days of examinations; you can, as we do, look back upon many successes and many failures and say with us, "Success lies not in never falling, but in rising again."

This old Academy has turned out men who have been a pride and have done honor to their alma mater. She has enrolled among her alumni, men who have occupied and now occupy chairs in the finest universities and colleges of our country; men who have attained the highest places in the various professions; and also one who now occupies the high-

est office under the department of public instruction.

We are proud that at the beginning of our career we have the privilege of graduating from a high school which has the record of sending the largest number of its graduates to college of any school of its size in the State, and that so many of our number are now looking forward to a college education.

We shall join with you in advancing the interests of the old Academy, and sincerely hope our work here has been such that we may at least uphold its noble record.

And now at this commencement time, as the Class of 1901, we extend to you our most hearty greetings and welcome, and sincerely hope your evening here will be pleasantly spent.

—HARRY VART BONNER.

CLASS HISTORY.

HOW swiftly the year has passed! We can scarcely believe that the time has been so long since we entered the halls of our dear Alma Mater as Seniors!

We have the honor of being the first class in the new century, and although we have struggled for our honors, "we have met the enemy, and they are ours, keeping our class motto ever in mind, "*Geduld uberwindet alles*," (Patience overcomes all), we have been patient and firmly stood the test through our many difficulties. What seemed to us as mountains as we toiled up their rugged steeps, we now discover to be but the foot-hills of the great chain.

Our class flower is the rose, while our colors are green and pink; green, for what we were when we entered our class, and pink for perfection attained, although doubtless our teachers think that we have made a mistake in choosing our second color. The Juniors, however, evidently admire our selections and think them worth imitating. We feel honored to have been of any use to them, in deciding such an important question.

We have presented two plays the past year: "Tom Blossom," and "The Princess;" each of which met with the hearty approval of an indulgent public, and exhibited our superior dramatic ability in a creditable manner.

Professor Norton entertained the Seniors very pleasantly before the Easter vacation, and the young ladies of the class are wondering if the Professor has found all of his pictures yet; although I don't see why they should, as of course we never touched them.

During the year we have had a series of lectures, the most important being a lecture on "Chestnuts" by Professor Norton, in which he advised the young gentlemen, "if they must eat chestnuts, instead of throwing the shucks on the floor, to eat them, and put the rest in their pockets." Some of the young ladies have been favored with special lectures by the other members of the faculty. For further information, inquire on Pulaski Hill. These lectures have been free, and undoubtedly the Juniors will be treated to the same with revised editions next year.

We have been "called down," "pounded down," and "hammered down" on all sides, until it is doubtful if we could have endured the strain had we not had a (P)orter to carry our burdens for us.

We have never run out of baked stuffs in our class racks, inasmuch as we are proud possessors of two (B)akers.

We also have a member who is very particular. She is never contented with a little, but always wants (M)o(o)re.

Like the Macedonians of old, we possess a great Alexander, standing high above his fellow-men.

Our President is very fond of Greek and Latin, but still more so of a certain (G)reenless young lady.

And there is not every class which is favored with a special session of Co(u)rt.

Now the time has come to say farewell. If we have done any good, may it make our names immortal, and with our heartiest thanks to our teachers, to whom most of the credit is due, we, the Class of 1901, bid you a fond adieu.

—MABEL L. COBB.

CLASS SONG.

Tune: Far Above Ontario's Waters

Down among the fruitful valleys
With its grass of green,
Stands our dear and cherished High School
In the glorious scene;
Now our work here is completed,
We must bid farewell,—
Though we much regret to leave it,
For we loved it well.

CHORUS.

Raise the chorus! Let us sing it!
Hear our voices flow,
Spreading far and wide your praises;
Hail to Mexico!

Through the four years of our High School,
Which have not seemed long,
We will not forget the classmates
We have worked among.
Our teachers, too, we will remember
Through life's rugged way,
Thanking all them for the patience
They have shown each day.

As we travel through life onward
Oft to memory call
The class motto we adopted:
"Patience conquers all."
We hope to meet again in future
When our work is done;
May the Class then be united
Of nineteen hundred one.

—HATTIE M. PORTER.

CLASS ORATION.

"PATIENCE OVERCOMES ALL."

PATIENCE is one of the first things a person must cultivate in order to reach success. One cannot think of being successful at first, but must gradually rise step by step until he has gained the desired position. Like a little child beginning to walk, at first he fails but keeps trying until he accomplishes his object.

Nature furnishes us many illustrations of patience. The acorn, but a tiny nut, sends out its sprouts, grows steadily to a shrub and at length becomes a massive oak, furnishing strength and beauty to the landscape.

Again look at the Colorado River. Ages ago it was only an ordinary stream with rocky banks, but by the process of erosion it has made a canyon, which is one of the greatest wonders of the world.

In early times the earth was covered with a growth of vegetable matter; successively the waters rose and subsided, and new vegetable matter replaced the old. Decomposition took place and formed for us vast deposits of coal with oil

and gases, which are now of great use for heating and lighting purposes. But patience implies not only perseverance, but suffering. It often means bravery, struggles with one's self and the wrong. Many of our greatest men have gained renown in just these ways. There is Washington, the brave young youth, the courageous general, inspiring his half-starved troops to fight, rising from great discouragement to win new victories and at last defeating the English and gaining for the American colonies their independence.

Benjamin Franklin's life, too, furnishes another example of patience and perseverance. From a poor boy wandering in the streets of Philadelphia, his patience and industry raised him to a man of wealth, worthy to represent us in foreign countries.

Garfield, when but a youth, was left with his brother Thomas to care for his mother and sisters in the wilderness. He worked summers, went to school winters and afterwards to college where he obtained an education of which in after

years, he made good use. He was always thinking of and striving for something higher, until at last his nobleness won for him the presidency of the United States.

Ambition is a necessary accompaniment of patience, yet how vast a difference there is between the man of noble aims and the man devoted to selfish advancement.

From the pages of history, stand out two characters unequalled in ambition and unrivaled in egotism. One desired to become ruler of the Roman world: the other of the whole earth. To accomplish their objects, both involved their own

and other countries in cruel wars, wars in which the prosperity of many cities was destroyed and the lives of their citizens held of little value.

It is the ideal then that distinguishes the noble great from the selfish great. In one of his stories Hawthorne has given us the beautiful picture of a lad who by constantly watching a noble face, was changed by degrees to its likeness. So we by steadfastly keeping in view that greatest of characters, may accomplish in the end our desired object.

—ARTHUR J. BOOTHIE.

CLASS PROPHECY.

LAST year, while traveling in Greece, I was walking in an oak forest near Dodona. Here in ancient times, it is said, the leaves whispered prophecies to the priests of Zeus. I was thinking of this legend as I walked, and wondered if it were really true. Suddenly I noticed a rustling of the leaves, for which I could see no cause, since the air was very still; but I thought it more wonderful when the rustling developed into quite audible whispers, and finally into the distinct words: "Prepare to know the future of the Class of Nineteen Hundred One." An indescribable sensation came over me, and I immediately felt myself being whirled along by rail.

Soon I perceived that I was on the New York Central, traveling to Syracuse. A newsboy comes through the car, selling new books of poetry. I purchase a volume and am surprised to find the author to be our class poet, Mary Ruth Hubbard.

On arriving at Syracuse I see a lady dressed as a Sister of Charity, walking along the street with a basket on her

arm. She is evidently on an errand of mercy. Can it be?—Yes, it is Eva M. Sharra.

I visit the University; there I find, as an instructor of a large class in mechanical engineering, Richard J. Spencer.

The humming in my ears ceases for a time; all is a blank. Then once more the voice begins, and I am carried in spirit to Elmira College. Here I see another familiar face,—that of Hattie V. Tyler, who is teaching the classics in that college.

Now I am passing a handsome residence in the country, in front of which is a large growth of trees. I am told that this place is called the "Grove Mansion," so named from the owner. Being thirsty, I knock at the door and ask for some water, when whom should I see but the former writer of our class song.

The noise increases now; I am bewildered, and it is some time before I can realize that I am returning from a great foot-ball game. Walking ahead of me and talking animatedly, I see several men. On going nearer I find that

they are discussing the game. One voice raised high above the others sounds familiar, and as its owner slightly turns I recognize Frank L. Baker.

Again the voice whispers; I listen intently and hear, "Learn the future of Grace C. Markham." I expect to be taken to a concert hall, but instead am led into the small village of M—. I see our classmate standing on the veranda of her home, talking with a gentleman whom I think she calls "Carl," though I cannot hear distinctly.

The scene changes once more. I find myself hunting with two friends in the State of Illinois. On the distant horizon appears an angry mass of clouds which threaten a severe storm. We decide to stop at a farm house about a quarter of a mile away. On the green in front of the house are five bright looking children at play. The eldest, about five years of age, immediately runs into the house to announce our arrival. A matronly lady comes to the door; we ask for a lodging until the storm has passed, and she informs us that she will have to speak with her husband before answering. She steps inside and calls, "Harry;" and Harry proves to be our old friend H. J. Baker.

I begin to shiver, and looking about for the cause I find myself in the icy regions of Alaska. A railroad is be-

ing laid from Sitka to the north pole. I hear the workmen finding fault with the "boss," and on inquiry I find that the so-called "boss" is Cortland W. Davis, a renowned civil engineer.

San Francisco now looms before my eyes. It is the opening of court week; a large crowd is assembled at the court house. A criminal case is to be tried and every one is anxiously awaiting the verdict. The lawyer for the defense although young is winning fame, and I find him to be our former class president, Harry V. Bonner.

From the court house I am conducted through the spacious halls of a conservatory of music. My attention is directed to two gentlemen standing somewhat apart from the others. I am told that these two are the leaders of the institution, one being a celebrated vocalist and the other a well known professor of mandolin, guitar and banjo. Imagine my surprise on being introduced to Frank E. George and Arthur J. Boothe.

Now a strange vision comes before my eyes. I find myself in a banquet hall. A small company is gathered about a table where a lady and gentleman sitting at the head are cutting a large cake and sharing it with their friends. I learn that this is the prize obtained at a great cake walk in

which Edith M. Austin and Wesley H. Moore were victorious.

Now I am with a company of friends traveling in Colorado, and we, of course, visit Pike's Peak. I see a gentleman using a powerful telescope making astronomical observations, his natural height, compared with that of the peak, making it very easy for him. I attract his attention by a question, and as he looks down I find that he is our classmate, F. Ernest Alexander.

There is a pause. I wait, hoping to see and hear more. Just as I am about to despair I appear to be in Sioux City on business. On one of my errands I pass the main opera house of the city. The Boston Concert Company is to appear the next evening. I learn by the bills that the elocutionist

of the company is Mabel L. Cobb and one of the vocalists our classmate, Maebelle H. Brownell.

Still further down the street I enter a large department store. There I seem to be quite at home, and as I am wondering why, my eyes fall on the sign,

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The leaves become more agitated; the rustling becomes louder and louder and grows into a roar. I raise my hand to my head to shut out the noise and find—that I have fallen asleep on a rock in the forest and dreamed all these things.

CURTIS W. SMITH,

MABEL L. COBB,

MOLLIE B. MILLER.

RECEPTION.

ON the evening of April 5, 1901, the graduating class and high school faculty were very pleasantly entertained by Professors Norton and Covert, at the home of Mr. John Avery. It seemed an especially appropriate time for a reception since we had just been freed from the trials of a regent's week and felt ready for some recreation.

Several interesting games were played in which the artistic ability (?) of our class was shown by some of the drawings which were produced during the evening. Also we discovered that we had wonderful memories.

After this Miss Markham presided at the piano and our sweet (?) voices rose in tuneful melody. It was suggested that we sing "America" but some opposed it very emphatically, doubtless because it would make us think of Monday morning. When we left for home we all agreed that we had spent a very enjoyable evening.

We have wondered if there were fairies in the Professor's room that evening, at least we heard that the young lady's picture that stood on an easel was turned around and some of the other pictures mysteriously disappeared.

CLASS HONORS.

FIRST	-	-	-	-	HATTIE V. TYLER
SECOND	-		-		RICHARD J. SPENCER

CLASS POEM.

Our parting will come to-morrow,
Our school days here are o'er;
We can never meet in the school-room
As we've often met before.
We'll discuss our virtues only,
For our teachers all are here;
If they know not our short comings
They may hold our memory dear;
Nor how stern were our teachers' faces
Many times during the day
While we were at some mischief
In a new and different way!
And how we blamed the Regents
When they sent our papers back,
And for our teachers' judgment,—
Seemed appreciation to lack!
Perhaps they never took Regents,
And never were stupid boys,

Or perhaps they were always playing,
And school held only joys.
May be these trials were needed
To prepare us for those to come,
When we leave our Alma Mater,—
Our dearly loved school home.
The star of our school life is setting
Low in the crimson west;
We must say good-bye on the morrow
To the life we love the best.
The star of our world-life is rising
In the east, lit up with gold;
It holds for us the the future,
All unknown and untold.
It comes as a ray of gladness
Across a sea of tears,
When we think we are parting
Ne'er to meet in future years.

In the eyes of our loved teachers
Tears of sadness we see;
We think of the trouble we've made them
And wonder how this can be.
Can they be tears of sadness,
That now our school days are o'er?

More apt to be tears of gladness
That we'll trouble them no more !
A tear for the hours we've wasted,
Our class ties soon severed, one sigh,
A last farewell to the school room,—
Classmates and teachers, good-bye.

—MARY RUTH HUBBARD.

ADDRESS TO JUNIORS.

THE doors of Mexico Academy are about to close behind the Class of 1901. One of the pleasantest periods of our lives comes to a close quickly; yes, far too quickly, for us, the first class of the century. These commencement exercises mean the breaking of the links which have held us together as fellow students.

Class of 1902, these exercises mean to you the assumption of new responsibilities as Seniors. The successful ending of these duties will depend on your great ambition to make the Class of 1902 the best in the history of the Academy.

The stimulus of human action is ambition. If you have this you will succeed and will hold positions of trust in the future; but first you will meet with many obstacles. Then, by conquering, you will steadily and surely draw nearer to the goal of your ambition.

You will have the incentive to press onward and upward, and to wield the scepter of victory; but as the obstacles come they only make the goal all the dearer. Then the determination to conquer increases, and as the obstacles are overcome, the goal appears dimly in the future. We think that the object is near; arrogance will assert itself; pride will

make us haughty; apparent popularity make us overbearing, until we awake some morning to find our friends gone and ourselves humbled. Then rising from the ruins of ostentation we start determined to overcome all of these; pressing onward again as the man in *Pilgrim's Progress*, rising each time the nobler, each time drawing nearer the ideal which we wish to attain.

If we are impelled by instructive nature to find an ideal in the past, we may choose Lincoln, who was guided by no selfish motives and conquered great obstacles; who was loved and respected by all Americans next to the "Father of his Country." And could we choose a nobler ideal than our martyred president? Certainly not.

Let what inspired and urged them on inspire and urge you on; let that shape your lives, and let your ambitions be noble and exalted.

For your future welfare, Class of 1902, we have only best wishes, and sincerely hope you may succeed in whatever you undertake. We leave you, hoping that in assuming the responsibilities of Seniors you will profit by our mistakes, and be even more successful than the Class of 1901.

—WESLEY H. MOORE.

JUNIOR RESPONSE.

FRIENDS, Mexicans, countrymen, lend me your ears.
I come to bury the class of 1901, not to praise it.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

So let it be with the class of 1901.

Here, under leave of Bonner and the rest,—
For Bonner is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men,—
Come I to speak at 1901's funeral.

They were our friends, faithful and just to us.
But Bonner says they were ambitious,
And Bonner is an honorable man;
They have done hard work and some have won;
When the best have failed, Bonner has wept.
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

You all know that Cyril is a good student;
They thrice presented him class honors
Which he did thrice refuse. Was that ambition?
— says he was ambitious;
— is an honorable man.

I speak not to disprove what Bonner spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love 1901 once—not without cause;
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for them?
My heart is in the coffin there with them,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

* * * * *

You all remember the Princess; I remember the time 1901
staged it.

'Twas on a late spring evening in this place;
Recall you what a prince the wondrous Barker made?
Through this he raised his fame above the clouds,
And all the Seniors envious were
To see the Juniors carry off the honors.
Was not the part of Lady Blanche well taken?
It became her well.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Brownell.
I found it in her closet; 'tis the class will;
Let but the Juniors hear this testament,
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read.

And they would turn against the seniors in a body.
 Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
 It is not meet you know how Bonner loved you.
 You are not wood, you are not stone, but men;
 And, being men, hearing the will of the class,
 It would inflame you, it would make you mad.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts,
 I am no orator as Boothe is; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak to-night;
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action nor utterance, nor power of speech
 To stir men's blood; I only speak right on
 To tell you that which you yourselves do know.
 Percieve you, friends, how we do move the class.
 Look at the historian, how uneasy she appears!

Yet mind her not good friends, such is her disposition.
 The poet muses on her genius rare.
 While far into the future peers the prophet
 To see when it will rain again.
 You all know how eloquent Moore was,
 When he addressed the juniors; his speech was written for
 him.
 Ah, yes! the class of 1901 is noted for its wisdom and its wit.
 We all shall miss them sadly.
 On that day not long ago,
 When they did leave us alone and desolate,
 Did not the school room prove a barren place?
 So will it ever be without them.
 My friends, Farewell.

—WALTER B. SMITH, '02.

JUNIOR COMPOSITE BEAUTY.

COMPOSITE beauty is no doubt the best beauty, and by wisely selecting different parts of the anatomy of persons in the junior class we have the following beauty:

Taylor's-style (?)

Stacy's-rubber neck.

Smith's-mouth.

Johnson's-hair.

Hardie's-chin.

Lucas's-manners.

Miller's-pate.

Barker's-legs.

Hollister's-strength.

A PARABLE.

THE New York and Chicago Limited was winding its way along the Hudson passing now and then some beautiful [G]roves made attractive by the rich autumn coloring. In the Pullman car were only two passengers—one a tall, well dressed man in a [B]lack suit, the other, as might easily be judged from his face and manners a [F]armer. The latter had been growing [M]o[o]re and more uneasy, and at last leaned across the aisle and touched his fellow-traveler on the shoulder, saying, "Did you notice that [H]ouse we passed a spell back? Looked to me most like a [T]emple."

The man of the world was also growing tired of the monotony and the [exh]Austin[g] trip, so threw down his paper and answered: "Yes, that house has quite a history. It was once owned by a [M]iller by the name of John. After his death John[s'] son, a [S]mith in the village, lived there. He was a peculiar man, and having one day gotten into a [Row[e] with his wife Ellen, remarked to his friend the [T]a[y]lor, "El[l]kin [S]tay, see, but I'm goin'." At that he left the home and has never been heard of since."

'By [G]eorge!" said the farmer, "he was a [H]ardy

customer, wasn't he? But how came the house to be so large? And I noticed a [P]ond near by."

"Yes, I was coming to that. A man who had made a fortune as a [B]aker was one day passing the place, when it occurred to him that this would be a good location for his mansion. He bought the house and lot at a low [P]rice, and said to his architect: "(Hollis stir) around and put me up a (S)tone palace. I want it large and grand, and my daughter (Matty) says that there must be a (B)rown ell on the north side. I (Hopp'er) whim may be gratified; and that young (B)uck, my son, wants a bay window in his room so he can see whether his pet dogs (B)ark'er not. I want the ground (D)ug an' a pond and gardens laid out in front. T'row(a)bridge in too, to add to its beauties.'"

"Dan, which was Hollis' first name, (Dan forth) with set to work and put up the queer structure you recently saw."

Just then the (P)orter came through the car, and the man stopped to order some green corn on the (C)obb and some (H)ubbard squash.

—Contributed.

CLASS WILL.

WE, the Class of 1901 of Mexico Academy, of Mexico, in the county of Oswego, and State of New York, do make and publish this our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills heretofore made by us.

FIRST.—We direct that our future debts and graduating expenses be paid by the Board of Education as soon as possible after our departure. They have been kind to help us in former expenses,—we trust they will gladly comply with our last request. It is, however, not our only one. To them we bequeath our sincere respect and hearty thanks.

SECONDLY.—We give to the Class of 1902, to have and to hold as long as they deserve the honor, that certain lot, piece or parcel of the chapel situated in the Mexico Academy and known as the upper class seats, which we have valiantly fought for and honorably filled, notwithstanding dark looks and threatening words.

THIRDLY.—To our principal we bequeath contentment and careless enjoyment of his noonday meal, heretofore un-

known to him at that time on account of his great anxiety concerning some members of the class of 1901, who *would* disregard his wishes concerning dancing. Also to the small boys whom we often employed to warn us of his return from said meal, we leave our hearty thanks and a release from that employment.

FOURTHLY.—We give and bequeath to the Latin classes all our ponies and note books upon their attaining Caesar and the other advanced Latin classes. In case these classes never become thus greatly enlightened and leave no descendants, we direct the said property to be delivered to our preceptress to distribute among her future classes, share and share alike.

Also, we give and bequeath our other property as follows:

To Walter B. Smith, an alphabet. With a little study it may be mastered and will be found superior to the deaf and dumb signs.

To Harley Danforth we give as a useful and appropriate

souvenir, a spoon. May it remind him of his school days here, and several persons whom he leaves behind.

To Miss Mary Elkins and Miss Lura Temple we bequeath a tag with which, after their "wanderings" in chapel, their seats may be identified.

In consideration of her fondness for a precious [S]tone, we give to Miss Lillian Hardie a fine specimen found on Spring Street.

To Miss Julia LeRoy we give a cake, which she surely deserves, (if the Senior Class is a judge of cake-walks.)

To Miss Lena Markham we give and bequeath a large red heart, to add to her small collection.

To Willard Richards we leave a book, "How to become an Actor," because of his ambition in that line.

To Harry B. Robbins we bequeath as a token of our regard, a patent, self-adjusting curler, for his old curling iron must certainly be worn out by this time.

To Chester A. Stone we bequeath a plant not only beautiful but also [H]ardy.

To Miss Lura Temple we give a pocket mirror. She will find it handier than the large one in the hall.

To C. Ross Miller we bequeath a very interesting little book entitled, "We Two."

To Bessie A. Richards, a pail (for sap.)

To Gussie N. Groves we give a reserved seat coupon which will entitle him to a desirable seat in the study hall next year.

To Ward S. Lucas, a bag of peanuts, to be distributed among his friends. We trust they will prove a substitute for chestnuts.

To Miss Alice Hardie we give a pass card in algebra. We think she has worked sufficiently hard to be entitled to one.

In addition to these, to the Class of 1902 we bequeath a bottle of brain food, advising that it be used during the summer vacation. It is warranted to reduce swelling of the cranium and increase the number of convolutions. Dose, one teaspoonful, daily; double for severe cases. Also we give to them a book written from our experiences and entitled "How to Conduct Class Meetings."

We have left in our treasury one cent, and bequeath this to the Class of 1902, as a nucleus for their funds.

In view of their youth, and therefore their lack of ideas,

we have chosen the following motto for them, believing they can live up to it better than to any other of our knowledge: "Never do to-day what can be put off till to-morrow." On this motto we have placed as a signal of danger the red badge, which, in consideration of their inability to choose their own colors, we suggest that color for their class.

We also devise and bequeath the following articles which have been found during the year, and which are now in our possession:

1st. A rubber, No. $8\frac{1}{2}$, found in the hall; lost, we believe, by Bertha Johnston.

2nd. A parcel containing a lock of yellow hair. We can find no owner, but have heard that Earl J. Avery has been advertising for one that answers to this description.

Next, an umbrella which, by the initials "F. J." and by its dimensions, we have decided Miss Fannie Johnson is the owner.

Next, a paper-bound book entitled "A Saturday Night's Adventure," by Nick Carter, very much worn and thumb-

marked, belonging to Mr. Wm. Barker. He doubtless will be delighted to receive it again.

Our principal has put in our care for identification a package of *billet doux* signed "Yours truly, C. R." We can readily recognize the initials as those of Charles Richardson, but the lady has not yet been found.

All the rest and residue of our property, whatsoever, of real and imaginary estate not herein disposed of, we leave to our Alma Mater, for her benefit absolutely.

And we do hereby constitute and appoint said Alma Mater sole executor of this our last will and testament.

In witness whereof we, the Class of Nineteen Hundred One, the testators, in full possession of a sound mind, memory and understanding, have to this, our will, set our hand and seal this 25th day of June, one thousand nine hundred one.

Signed

Witnesses:

AMOS DRUSE,
LEWIS PIPER,

CLASS OF 1901.

MAEBELLE H. BROWNELL,
EVA M. SHARRA,
EDITH M. AUSTIN.

ATHLETICS.

DURING the past few years an interest in athletics has been shown among us, which has steadily been growing stronger as each year develops its new athletes.

In March, 1900, an Athletic Association was formed in our school in which the greater part of our young men became active members. In April an invitation was received requesting us to send representatives to engage in the annual inter-scholastic meet, held at Syracuse, May 18. This invitation was accepted and practice soon began.

On the appointed day we sent four of our members to Syracuse. Although we were not very near the head of the list of winners, neither were we at the foot. Curtis W. Smith won the first prize in the pole vault, and thus obtained five points for us. In the fall of 1900, a football team was organized. With the help of our assistant principal, Professor W. S. Covert, and by the hard work of the players, our team was made a success.

The following is the list of games and the scores:

September 29—Phoenix vs. Mexico, 0—0.
October 6—Phoenix vs. Mexico, 16—0.
October 13—Fulton vs. Mexico, 42—0.
October 20—Pulaski, Jrs. vs. Mexico Jrs., 5—6.
October 28—Treadwell, Oswego, vs. Mexico, 0—21.
November 3—Fulton vs. Mexico, 0—5.
November 10—Oswego, Jrs. vs. Mexico, Jrs., 0—0.

In March of this year our athletic association was reorganized with more members than that of last year.

Having been invited to compete in the meet at Syracuse, we again sent our representatives. C. W. Smith tied in the pole-vault at 10 ft. 8 in., and also took third place in the broad jump. W. A. Barker won fourth place in the 440 yard dash, making a total of seven points and placing our school sixth in the list of competitors.

—FRANK L. BAKER.

WANTS, ETC.

<p>WANTED—A dog ; must be a Barker. <div style="text-align: right;">L. R. M—kh-m.</div></p> <p>FOR SALE—Large amount of knowledge. <div style="text-align: right;">Senior Class.</div></p> <p>WANTED—Some one who can transform my woods into a (G) grove. <div style="text-align: right;">H. Por—r.</div></p> <p>WANTED—A design for class pin, Cross preferred. <div style="text-align: right;">M. B. M—ll-r.</div></p> <p>WANTED—Something to make me grow. <div style="text-align: right;">Er—e—t Al—-and-r.</div></p> <p>WANTED—An automatic brain renewer. Junior Class.</p> <p>LOST—My hat and umbrella. G. G—o-e.</p>	<p>WANTED—A Taylor at any price. C. W. Sm—h.</p> <p>WANTED—All mistakes overlooked. Editors.</p> <p>WANTED—Information on rowing a boat. <div style="text-align: right;">C. S—on- and H. Aus-in.</div></p> <p>WANTED—An astronomy book to assist me in telling the difference between the sun and pumpkins. W—ll Bark—.</p> <p>WANTED—Some more business ; something more to man- age. F. E. G—or-e.</p> <p>LOST—Our originality. Juniors.</p> <p>WANTED—A dressing room in the academy during meal time. Miss J—c-bs.</p>
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THE LIVERY STABLE OF M. H. S.

IN connection with any of the numerous high schools of this State, you will find a livery stable, in which a great number of ponies are kept for the benefit of the students.

Since our school is an institution of a high grade; it is expected that we should maintain a livery of a high grade. The livery stable of M. H. S. is a finely equipped establishment and contains a number of the finest horses that ancient and modern times produce.

Let me take you to their stalls and show you a few of our animals. The stalls are closely guarded and before entering the secret door you must give this pass word, "Sum Schola." Every precaution is taken to protect the lives of the animals. As there are many who do not like these useful ponies, they are in constant danger, and we cannot be too careful.

The ponies are all brought from the old countries, and among them we have German, French, Roman and Greek. The little French ponies are great favorites among the young lady students, as they are gentle, graceful and easily managed.

For convenience we have named each of their stalls. This stall is called Cinna, and in it are kept Augustus and Emile; and in the Prisoner of Caucus, Iran and Kaskambo are kept. They are two ponies which originally came from Russia, but have been with us so long that we speak of them as French ponies. And here are Bettina and Jean, the most affectionate pair we have.

These German steeds are more often used as work horses rather than travelers, for they are large, strongly built and stubborn, as many an equestrian can testify, but the average pupil finds them preferable to walking, and their riders always reach their destination safely.

It is noticed that the old Roman horses are much favored, especially by the younger pupils, fresh from the graded schools, and it is no wonder, for when mounted on one of these fleet steeds, Dido for instance, they can quickly travel back to the centuries gone by and in their young minds fight the battles of Cæsar and listen to the ever remembered orations of Cicero. But we have heard it whispered among them that Roman ponies are not so easily managed as for-

erly, and we believe it is because they have been neglected. We all know that if we wish to manage any pony we must guide him with a steady hand and tight rein.

The Greek steeds are not in very great demand. This cannot be accounted for, as they are good travelers and easily managed if treated in the right way. They have also won great reputations as war horses, and some of them have been known to swim, but then we are glad that they can have a rest. They are entitled to one for they have served

the past generations long and faithfully.

Now, that you have seen our livery stables you will understand why we are so particular in caring for them. Several (C)overt raids have already been made upon them and the faculty are constantly taking (B)irdseye views from a (S)and hovel they have erected near by, into which if they notice our animals we never see them again. Thus we fear that our liver stable will soon be a thing of the past.

J. A. S.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is Bess Richards like a candle? Because she attracts Millers.

Why do people never offer Miss Austin anything? Because she always wants (Moore) more.

Why are our ideas so narrow on some subjects? Because we see through a Birdseye.

What is Alice Hardie's greatest sport? Hunting Elk's of course.

Why do we have so large an astronomy class? Because ———

Why is it our president likes to keep the roll? Because he likes to (Markham) mark 'em.

Why does Constance Calkins like Christmas? Because "Holly" is always present.

Why are we sharp and quick tempered? Because we have a Smith to temper us.

THE TATTLER.

We were seated in a hammock
On a balmy night in June,
When the world was hushed in slumber
'Neath the guidance of the moon;
I had asked one little question,
And my heart was filled with hope,
But the answer never reached me,
For her brother cut the rope.

"Mr. Moore, go immediately into the office."

Moore: "What's that?"

Prof. Norton (on public lecture to school in chapel):

"Young gentlemen, if you must eat chestnuts, eat the shucks and put the chestnuts in your pocket, instead of throwing them on the floor."

"Miss Cobb, there is a time to laugh and a time not to laugh."

Professor - o - e - t thinks the classes are possessed.

We Seniors consider it peculiar how our principal can

perform slight-of-hand tricks, such as getting through a parlor window at three o'clock in the morning.

We wonder how Messrs. B - r - er, D - v - s and G - o - es enjoyed their drive to Colosse after Miller's party.

It is a good thing to have a large storm-house at T - y - l - rs, but the windows are awful !

"Bessie, has the maid brought our dinner yet?"

Bessie: "No, she hain't."

Which does our principal wish to do: become a [B]aker or to be heard [Hurd] ?

"The 'o2s have struggled up a little ways, nearly all having preliminary certificates, although all have not secured them."

"If the Juniors are pure gold some are decidedly brassy."

We wonder if the writer of the Junior Response procures his ideas from the Ancient History teacher; or do they, perhaps, come to him naturally ?

GRINDS.

A. H. NORTON:

A man whom the lust of office does not kill,
A man whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
A man who possesses opinions and a will,
A man who has honor; a man **who** will not lie."

W. S. COVERT:

"Who seldom says what he thinks,
But who evidently thinks what he says."

M. M. SANDHOVEL:

Her voice was ever soft and low:
An excellent thing in woman.

M. A. BIRDSEYE:

"A heart to resolve,
A head to contrive,
And a hand to execute."

POST GRADUATE.

MABEL RICHARDS:

"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin."

CLASS OF '01.

"ONWARD, UPWARD TILL THE GOAL WE WIN."

MAEBELLE H. BROWNELL:

"One vast, substantial smile."

HATTIE M. PORTER:

"Too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."

F. L. BAKER: "In love with himself."

H. V. BONNER: "His opinion of his own importance can
not be reckoned in dollars and cents."

F. E. ALEXANDER: "Noted for his length of limb and his
wondrous stride."

R. J. SPENCER:

"His head was so loaded
It nearly exploded."

EDITH M. AUSTIN:

"Her blue eyes sought the west afar
For lovers love the the western star."

EVA M. SHARRA:

"I am content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me."

W. H. MOORE:

"But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the universe."

F. E. GEORGE: "So wise, so young, they say."

A. J. BOOTHE: "Here is our baby; tickle his chin and see
his dimple."

C. W. SMITH: "I am thankful that I know more than
most people."

GRACE C. MARKHAM: "A sweet attractive kind of grace."

C. W. DAVIS: "Such a dancer!"

J. HARRY BAKER: "He always knows what the book says."

MABEL L. COBB: "To capture me is everyone's (?) desire."

MARY R. HUBBARD: "Her talent doth toward poetry turn."

HATTIE V. TYLER:

"With a look of innocence and placid indifference
She does nothing that can give offence."

MOLLIE B. MILLER: "A mighty hunter, and her prey is
man."

CLASS OF '02.

"EARTH TREMBLES 'NEATH THEM."

FANNIE JOHNSTON: "Good things are done up in small
packages."

GERTRUDE COBB:

"Oh! she thinks she is smart, without a doubt,
But no one yet has found it out."

W. SMITH: "Was he brought up on Mellin's Food?"

BESSIE TAYLOR:

"She hugged the offender and forgave the offence;
Sex to the last."

W. LUCAS: "Give me a cent; I want to be a tough."

ALICE HARDIE:

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

CARL HOLLISTER:

"O, for the seat in that poetic word,
Just hid with trees and sparkling with grace and ease."

GUY STACY: "There is not a wind but whispers of her
name."

R. MILLER: "Perhaps I'll grow."

W. BARKER: "I wonder why gravitation draws me downward when I am in a chestnut tree."

UNCLASSIFIED.

"Just the soft shade of green we sometimes see in the evening skies."

MARY ELKINS:

"Her modest looks a cottage might adorn,
Sweet as a primrose peeps beneath a thorn."

C. STONE: "Who thinks too little and talks too much."

ETHEL ORVIS: "She knows it not, but she is fair."

LURA TEMPLE: "Would he were a little fatter."

JULIA LEROY:

"With graceful steps she walks the streets,
And smiles on all the boys she meets."

W. HAGER: "Before he was born he knew his A. B. C.'s
backwards and forwards and any way you please."

EDITH HENDRICKSON:

"I see the right and I approve it too;
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue."

MAUD LUGAN: "The seal of truth is on thy gallant form."

W. ELKINS:

"Let those love me now who never loved before;
Let those who always loved me, now love me more."

LENA MARKHAM:

"Heart on lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, sunny as her skies."

E. AVERY: "Oh, if I could be the owner of a King's sleigh."
(Kingsley)

LILLIAN HARDIE: "What hurts me hurts my friends, and
what hurts my friends hurts me."

P. TOBIN:

"He is calm and unruffled as a summer sea
When not a breath of air flies o'er its surface."

H. DANFORTH: "How blessings brighten as they take their
flight."

BLANCHE MORTON: "It is too sudden for my nerves. Co(u)rt
me for a while; I like that better."

MAE FROST: "I'm so shy."

ALICE RICHARDSON: "A flower of meekness on a stem of
grace."

EMMA BROWNELL: "Very Am(es)iable, indeed."

FAVORITE PASTIMES OF GREAT PEOPLE.

W. ELKINS—Testing his lung capacity.

C. CALKINS—Parading to induce admiration.

W. MOORE—Writing notes to E. Au-t-n.

H. V. BONNER—Asserting his importance.

C. DAVIS—Hunting for a trot-er

BESSIE R.—Attending Mill-er.

MISS B—Directing the general interests of the school.

H. DANFORTH—Learning how to kill pigs.

F. BAKER—Grind, Grind, Grind.

PROF. C—T—Teaching astronomy.

JUNIOR CLASS—Imitating seniors.

W. B. SMITH—Relating his startling adventures.

OFFICERS.

Senior Officers.

PRESIDENT, HARRY V. BONNER.
VICE PRESIDENT, GRACE C. MARKHAM.
SECRETARY, HATTIE V. TYLER.
TREASURER, CORTLAND B. DAVIS.

Junior Officers.

PRESIDENT, FANNIE JOHNSON.
VICE PRESIDENT, C. ROSS MILLER
SECRETARY, ALICE HARDIE
TREASURER, GUY STACY.

Faculty for 1900-1901.

ARTHUR H. NORTON, B. S., Syracuse University, Principal.
Science and Mathematics.

WILLIAM S. COVERT, A. B., Princeton University, Assistant Principal.
Mathematics, Greek and History.

MARY A. BIRDSEYE, Buffalo Normal, Preceptress.
Latin and Higher English.

MARY M. SANDHOVEL, B. P., Syracuse University,
Modern Languages, Drawing.

MARY E. FITZGERALD, Colorado State Normal,
Seventh and Eighth Grades.

ONA M. SCANLON, Mexico Training Class,
Sixth Grade.

JENNIE N. BAKER, Syracuse University,
Fifth Grade.

SUSAN A. HURD, Mexico Training Class,
Third and Fourth Grades.

MARY E. SEELBY, Mexico Academy,
First and Second Grades.

NELLIE F. ALLEN, Oswego Normal,
Assistant Primary.

Board of Education.

ROBERT H. BAKER,
CHARLES W. RADWAY, JOHN W. LADD,
MRS. FLORENCE A. TAYLOR,
MRS. CLARA A. DAVIS.

Calendar for 1901-1902.

Academic Department and Training Class meets				September 2
Grades begin work	-	-	-	September 3
Election Day,	-	-	-	November 5
First Quarter ends	-	-	-	November 8
Second Quarter begins	-	-		November 11
Thanksgiving Recess,	-			November 27-December 2
Holiday Recess	-	-		December 20-January 6
Regents' Examinations,	-			January 27-31
Second Quarter ends				January 31
Third Quarter begins	-	-	-	February 3
Lincoln's Birthday	-	-	-	February 12
Regents' Examinations	-	-	-	March 26-28
Third Quarter ends	-	-	-	April 11
Fourth Quarter begins	-	-	-	April 21
Memorial Day	-	-	-	May 30
Regents' Examinations	-	-	-	June 16-20
Commencement Exercises,	-	-	-	June 25



General Information.

MEXICO ACADEMY was founded in 1826. It has an honorable record as an academic school of the highest grade. In 1895 the village school of Mexico united with the academy and formed an academic union school.

There are three courses of study—the classical, the Latin Academic and the English. These courses prepare fully for college, and it is worthy of note that Mexico Academy has more students in the different colleges than any other school in this section of the state. All students are expected to take a regular course, and if possible to finish it.

Non-resident students who are not able to pursue a regular course, are allowed, with the approval of the principal, to select such subject as may be needed by them.

The aim of the school is to prepare young men and

women for the duties of life and to inspire them to do their best for humanity and for themselves. The work of the school is carried on in harmony with the regulations of the Regents of the University of the State of New York.

In Regents and in Training Class work, Mexico students have been remarkably successful. Every effort will be made to maintain the high standard of the work done by the school in all departments.

The school has a good library, and students are taught to use the books freely in connection with the work. A reading table in the chapel is supplied with a daily paper, several educational publications and the best magazines. Thus the students are encouraged to follow current events.

TRAINING CLASS.

The members of the Training Class have a room by themselves. They have four recitations daily, besides observation and practice work. The tuition is free.

Teachers trained at Mexico have plenty of excellent practice teaching, and thus obtain an insight into the methods and responsibilities of teaching.

W. D. Stewart

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